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Writing Grade 5

Scoring Guide with
Annotated Student Papers



DAY 1

DAY 1

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PREWRITING AND DRAFTING

TOPIC:

Memories

DIRECTIONS:

Talk about these questions with your group, making sure everyone gets to speak.

THINKING ABOUT THE TOPIC:

- Can you think of funny or happy memories? Do you remember celebrating a holiday or going to a wedding, a festival, or a birthday party?
- Can you think of any sad, frightening, or embarrassing memories? Do you remember saying goodbye to a friend, being involved in an emergency, or getting a bad haircut?
- Do you remember any exciting moments? Do you have memories of cooking dinner by yourself? Riding on an airplane? Waiting for an announcement about making a team? Getting a part in a play?

DAY 1

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WRITING ABOUT THE TOPIC:

Writers often write about past experiences. They often recall a favorite memory, an event like a celebration, or a time they were happy, embarrassed, proud, or frightened. **Write about a memory.**

You might, for example, do **one** of the following:

write about an exciting or funny time you remember very well

OR

explain why some memories become important and others do not

OR

write about a family memory you've heard over and over

OR

write about a memory that includes a person who is important to you

OR

write about the topic in your own way.

You may use examples from real life, from what you read or watch, or from your imagination. Your writing will be read by interested adults.

(You may use this area and the following pages for freewriting, clustering, outlining, webbing, listing, etc. When you are ready, you may begin your draft.)

Here is an explanation of what readers think about as they score your writing.

- 4** Central ideas may be clearly developed through details and examples. The writing may have a natural flow and a clear sense of wholeness (beginning, middle, end); the organization helps move the reader through the text. A clear and engaging voice is likely to be demonstrated through precise word choice and varied sentence structure. Skillful use of writing conventions contributes to the writing's effect.
- 3** A recognizable central idea is evident and adequately developed. The writing has a sense of wholeness (beginning, middle, end) although it may lack details or have extraneous details which interfere with unity. Appropriate word choice and variable sentence structure contribute to the writing's effectiveness. There may be surface feature errors, but they don't interfere with understanding.
- 2** The writing shows a recognizable central idea, yet it may not be sustained or developed. There is an attempt at organization although ideas may not be well connected or developed; vocabulary may be limited or inappropriate to the task; sentence structure may be somewhat simple. Surface feature errors may make understanding difficult.
- 1** The writing may show little or no development of a central idea, or be too limited in length to demonstrate proficiency. There may be little direction or organization but, nevertheless, an ability to get important words on paper is demonstrated. Vocabulary and sentence structure may be simple. Minimal control of surface features (such as spelling, grammar/usage, capitalization, punctuation, and/or indenting) may severely interfere with understanding.

Not ratable if:

off topic

illegible

written in a language other than English

blank/refused to respond

Begin writing on this page.

My Birthday

My birthday October 5. We celebrated it in Russia.

It was ~~was~~ very fun. My friends came. We were

playing. After we went to eat. After 1 hour we went to

the park. After the park we came home at 8:00 and

played Super Nintendo. We left at 10:00.

Score Point: 1

This response is too limited to demonstrate proficiency and there is little development of the central idea. The organization, sentence structure and vocabulary are simplistic.

Begin writing on this page.

Memories are things that happend to you or someone else. Memories are things that you remember. Memories are funny, sad, scary, happy, and weird.

I have memories, too. I'll share some with you. I'll share some with you. I'll share the scary and funny ones first. I remember going to Pigeon River in Northorn Michagan. My mom, mysister, and I went tubing down the river. My Dad and my brother, W, went kyaking down the river. It was so fast everything Looked like a blur. Later

Score Point: 1

This response has no real development. There is some organization, but there are not enough details to support the central idea.

Begin writing on this page.

Me and my Dad

I went with my Dad to the fair
we went on all the rides. the most
scary ride was the boat we sat
in the back of the boat. They started
to go higher and my Dad was trying to
stand up. after all that ride the riding the rides
we went home and I sleep all the way home.

We went to the fair again. Me and my cousins
saw a track and rabbits and pig and cow
one day my cousins saw a rabbit it moved up

Score Point: 1

This response does not demonstrate proficiency, even though it begins with a central idea- the fair. There are not enough details provided to develop the central idea. Surface feature errors and poor organization make understanding difficult.

Begin writing on this page.

Memories

I have two kinds of memories to tell you about. One is when I got my puppy. Two is when my Dad died.

I got my dog when I was seven. Her name is Greta. She is a german shepard. Now shes bigger than normal.

My Dad died when I was six. I didnt know intill three days after he had gone to the hostpitol. I miss him.

I hope you have enjoied my story. Read me next year
Bye.

Score Point: 2

This response presents a recognizable central idea that is organized. Although the sentence structure and vocabulary are somewhat simplistic, some development is achieved through the use of specific details (German Shepard, three days).

IF YOU NEED MORE SPACE. CONTINUE ON THE BACK OF THIS PAGE.

Begin writing on this page.

A Scary Time

Hi, My name is Jane Doe. My essay is going to be when there were scary stuff in my life. I was at a friends party with T, B, D, and Mary. It was Mary's party and we were going to sleep down stairs. It was probably 1:00 AM when we decided to go down stairs and so we did.

It was scary down there the other girls were scared. I was the only one brave will Mary was to sort of. I had to go up and down the stairs. To take them to the bathroom but i dint go in I staed at the door.

We were scared of the furnec

IF YOU NEED MORE SPACE, CONTINUE ON THE BACK OF THIS PAGE.

that was down stairs. We were scared of the dog she keep thuping. So we watched tv and tryed to go to sleep. But we didn't.

We stade up till 5 in the moring. We played game to stay awake. It was fun we played vollyball and other games. Mary was First a sleep she went to bed at 3 or 4 and we stayed up till 5.

We got to go out side and play hide and go seek. Then we came back inside and her brother and his friend were a sleep. We played a prank on them. And then we ran down stairs. Then we heard a nosie and thoght it was the boys. So me and M went up stairs to see.

Her bother and his friend were a sleep. So we went down

IF YOU NEED MORE SPACE, CONTINUE ON THE NEXT PAGE.

Stairs and went to bed. That is all I have to say about the time I was at Mary's house. Thank you for reading my scary story and that was a true story.

Score Point: 2

In this response, the reader starts out by saying "My essay is going to be when there were scary stuff in my life." The scary stuff is listed, but the reasons why the "scary stuff" was scary are never explained, and the sequence of events is somewhat confusing. More development and organization would be needed for a higher score. Errors in spelling, usage and sentence structure do not interfere with understanding.

IF YOU NEED MORE SPACE, CONTINUE ON THE BACK OF THIS PAGE.

Begin writing on this page.

In the following paragraphs I'm going to tell you my experiences about my guinea pigs. First I'll tell you about my very first guinea pig; his name is or was Holiday. To explain he was black on both ends & white in the middle. Second he lived about the average time for a guinea pig. In other words he lived up to 2½ years. Third he died peacefully in his sleep. For instance when I woke up his cage was empty & he was buried in the backyard. To conclude I still remember him as if he was still alive.

Now I'm going to tell you about my 2nd guinea pig. First his name was Anne. To explain he had two spots of brown, one on his eye & one on his bottom. (granacher) he had white on his belly (marshmallow) & black on his back (chocolate). Second he was a very small guinea pig →

IF YOU NEED MORE SPACE, CONTINUE ON THE BACK OF THIS PAGE.

To explain he was about $4\frac{1}{2}$ inches but the average guinea pig is 6-8 inches. Third I more died most likely from a heart attack. For more information his heart stopped beating & then he couldn't breathe. To summarize I love him so much.

Now I'm going to tell you about my 3rd guinea pig. First his name is Popcorn. For more information all of his body is white except his nose which is brown. (the carnal) Second he is a very old guinea pig. To explain he is the oldest guinea pig I've had, about $4\frac{1}{2}$ years old & he is so fat! Finally when I take him out of his cage he runs around & hides. What I'm saying is that he has a lot of hiding spots, under the sofa, under the fish tank & under the chair! To conclude all things, my love for guinea pigs hasn't stopped yet.

Score Point: 2

This response begins with a recognizable central idea (memories of a guinea pig), but the over reliance on artificial transitional devices interrupts the flow of the response and limits the development of the central idea. Surface feature errors do not affect understanding.

IF YOU NEED MORE SPACE, CONTINUE ON THE NEXT PAGE.

Begin writing on this page.

Memories

Everybody has memories. Some are good, and some are bad, others are frightening or even sad. Some memories are in pictures or on paper, memories you want hold on to, but some you don't. A memory I would like to remember that is good, bad, and even sad. My memory is my trip to Florida.

It all began when my family left from Michville, Michigan to West Palm Beach, Florida. We were going to stay at my aunt K's house for 7 days. We got there we unpacked and went swimming, played video games and watched TV. After we ate we watched more TV until we went to bed.

The next day went to the beach. We went swimming and built sand castles. After we built a sand castle we went on a dock typ of thing, where all of the huge waves would be. There was railings on the sides so you could not fall off. It was fun!

The next day was Easter. I got lots of

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candy. We had a egg hunt, it was a lot of fun!

The next day was Monday we went to the beach all day. When we came back we had got very bad news. My sisters best friend had gotten in a car crash and died. The only one left was her older sister.

The rest of the week was the same, but still fun! I was Sunday we had to leave. This trip is a trip I will always remember.

Everybody has memories. Some are good and some are bad.

Score Point: 3

This response presents a recognizable central idea (a trip to Florida). Development is adequate and is enhanced by some specific details. The response is also organized and clear.

IF YOU NEED MORE SPACE, CONTINUE ON THE NEXT PAGE.

Begin writing on this page.

A Sad Hunt

There are many different kinds of memories. There are sad ones and happy ones. I have a sad memory that whenever I think about it a whole forms in my heart. I will be telling you this memory, I call it "A Sad Hunt."

One morning I felt so good. I opened my window and smelled the morning aroma. I went down stairs and ate a delicious breakfast but what I did not know was that disaster would strike later that day. My dad likes to go hunting for small game like squirrels. He never shoots beautiful animals like deer and rabbits. Usually he just shoots beer bottles for

IF YOU NEED MORE SPACE, CONTINUE ON THE BACK OF THIS PAGE.

target practice. Anyway today my dad wanted to go target practice with his rifle. I really like to watch him so I decided to go to. We put on our big coats and down jackets and headed to the woods.

We have reached the woods and found a good place to shoot. I setup a stand and put some cans and beer bottles on it. My Dad now started to load his rifle with silver tip bullets. He opened the scope and raised the barrel. My Dad took aim and just when he was about to pull the trigger he saw something in his scope on the ground. We ran over to the area and found a injured baby deer.

IF YOU NEED MORE SPACE, CONTINUE ON THE NEXT PAGE.

The deer's leg was slashed and blood was gushing out of it. After half an hour we knew someone could do anything so my Dad had to shoot her. I said, "No Dad please don't!" He said, "Well we have to," I under stood and started crying and my dad raised the gun and pulled the trigger.

Score Point: 3

Although this response is a unified paper with no extraneous details, there is no engaging voice. Some details are added to help the reader visualize the deer's leg (its leg was slashed and blood was gushing). This paper has a clear central idea, while appropriate word choice and a variety of sentence structure contribute to the effective writing.

IF YOU NEED MORE SPACE, CONTINUE ON THE BACK OF THIS PAGE

Begin writing on this page.

Memories

What are memories? Memories are things in your life that stick above or below all the rest of your life. This makes you remember these happy, sad, frightening, comforting, funny, weird, or embarrassing moments. Memories.

One thing I often have and remember are dreams. Just like memories my dreams can be funny, weird, happy, sad, scary, comforting, or embarrassing. I will share with you one of my scary and weird dreams that I remember from a few years back. This was when I was about seven, and believed there were all kinds of different monsters MONSTERS!

In my dream I lived in a town called Forest Grove, where everyone lived in a little, one story, straw house. Now there were a few monsters believed to be living here in the Grove.

IF YOU NEED MORE SPACE, CONTINUE ON THE BACK OF THIS PAGE.

My little friend C and I were quite frightened by the biggest, baddest monster, the Cookie Monster!

"Ahhh!" I just scream thinking of him. This monster was not blue like on Sesame Street.

Ironnically that was the name of our street. This monster was big and green.

If you want to know what big means, he is 15 feet tall! Bigger than our houses.

He has an orange backpack filled with 1,000 tons of cookie ingredients. The Cookie Monster wakes up at about 7 o'clock in the evening and has breakfast of cookies somewhere between 7 and 11 o'clock.

You'd think there is no reason to be afraid of this monster: he has his food and sleeps when you are awake. Yeah right! This monster is the biggest terror of Forest Grove. Why? There is one ingredient for his cookies he doesn't have. What? Little children. "Ahhh!" sorry,

IF YOU NEED MORE SPACE, CONTINUE ON THE NEXT PAGE.

it's hard to tell this story without screaming of being scared.

One day when C and I were walking to my house for supper we heard, "Thomp, Thomp, Thomp, Thomp, Thomp," I could have jumped out of my skin. The whole road was ~~Shaking~~ and Tremors were coming.

"Are you thinking what I am thinking?" I questioned C.

"The Cookie Monster?" C screamed back asking.

"Run!"

"Faster!"

"Pow," I triped then wondered, "Do we have any homework tonight?"

"We will worry about that later, let's go," C helped me up. Now we were really sprinting and screeching.

We made it home in the nick of time.

"Boom, click," we slammed and locked the door.

IF YOU NEED MORE SPACE, CONTINUE ON THE BACK OF THIS PAGE.

We ran to my bedroom puffing of exhaustion. Sure enough when we looked out the window the green, hairy legs were thumping by.

Mom called, "What happened girls you got back twice as fast as you normally do?"

"No comment," we giggled.

"We better hide," I said scared.

"Under the bed," yelled C. C scotted under there but I smelt something. I ran to the kitchen and yup, my mom had just finished frosting cupcakes. I snuck two and ran back under the bed with C.

"Yum," we both said forgetting about what had happened. We finished the most, chewy, chocolate cupcakes in three minutes.

"BOOM," we heard from outside.

"What just happened?" C said alarmed.

IF YOU NEED MORE SPACE, CONTINUE ON THE BACK OF THIS PAGE.

we looked at each other, started, and jumped from under the bed. We ran to the window to peak outside. the Cookie Monster was DEAD. Next to him with a satisfied look on his with a water gun.

"Hurrah!"

"Yippie!"

"Yes!"

"Awesome!"

Score Point: 3

This lengthy response is clear, readable and contains varied sentence structure. There is a clear central idea and a sense of wholeness. Skillful use of writing conventions adds to the story's effect, but the abrupt conclusion detracts from the overall sense of unity.

IF YOU NEED MORE SPACE, CONTINUE ON THE BACK OF THIS PAGE.

Begin writing on this page.

I would like to share with you one of my best memories. My memory is when My best friend (M) and I were having a double-birthday party at Chuck E. Cheese. This is my story...

My mom had just turned off the car in the parking-lot when M pulled up beside us.

"Hey," I told M, "This'll be fun!"

"I second that," came a voice behind us, it was A

G

"Hi!" M and I said.

We decided to wait for everyone to come at the front-door.

Soon everyone was there and we went inside. First we played Arcade-games until we ran out of tokens. Then we ate the pizza because the cake and ice cream hadn't arrived yet.

Next, we all went to the playstructure. A was "it" first in tag. He counted to 50 and then tried to find us.

"M, look out!" I said as a hand turned the corner, "Run!"

We thundered down the tube until we saw a drop-off into a ball-pit.

IF YOU NEED MORE SPACE, CONTINUE ON THE BACK OF THIS PAGE

"We have to jump," I reasoned, "We could hide down in the bulk until he passes."

Just then, A was desperately trying to tag us! We jumped down, down, down, finally, a tidal wave of balls flew on top of us as we landed. A tried to stop, but the force of his running plummeted him down, too. M and I got up, searched for a hiding spot.

"Over there," he said, pointing to the "Spider-Web" maze.

Some kids we didn't know shared all the balls from the 2nd story ball pit on us. A had climbed and was ambushed by the balls! Taking our chance, we climbed up the ladder and climbed onto the 3rd story. Then there was a huge long slide going down at 45° degrees. It was lined with spider webs. A enraged cries were closer.

"If we are now before he sees us, he'll have to find us," We said.

We slid down the slide doing a sharper turn than a straight fall into a spider web. Just then, "Cake and Ice cream!" our moms called. We opened our presents, ate some cake and ice cream and that was it. Then I went to M's house to spend the night but that is another memory

Score Point: 4

This response has a tight narrative sequence with appropriate details. The engaging voice effectively builds excitement, while each idea is clearly developed with vivid description (a tidal wave of balls, his running plummeted him down). The skillful use of writing conventions contributes to the effectiveness of the story.

IF YOU NEED MORE SPACE, CONTINUE ON THE BACK OF THIS PAGE.

Begin writing on this page.

Another boring day at Summer Kids Club, I thought as we pulled into the parking lot at Thornton Creek. I walked into the building and sat down at the sign-up sheet. I began to fill out what I would do that day: Art, Gym, Playground, and Homeroom. Today would not be boring like I thought!

As I walked out to the playground after Art and Gym, everyone made a break for the swings, so I decided to swing too! I got onto the swings next to an old friend named N. After a couple minutes of arguing we decided to see who could jump off the swings and land the farthest away from them! As we both pumped our swings to the top of the 10 foot bar, N said he would jump 1st. He put his arms on the swings chains, held his breath, and pushed out. He landed about 5 feet from the swings. I was scared to try and jump

IF YOU NEED MORE SPACE, CONTINUE ON THE BACK OF THIS PAGE.

farther than 5 feet, but I knew I had to do it!

As I got ready to push-off, I thought about how dumb it was to do this, and how grown-ups always telling me I'd break my neck, but I heard kids telling me to jump, and the urge was just too strong! I pushed off and flew farther than N! About 6 feet from the swings I hit the ground. I felt extreme pain, for my ankle had cracked because I landed on it with my other foot and all my weight. I screamed in pain as the teacher ran to get me!

I remember N helping me get inside, my mom taking me to the hospital, the X rays, and getting home with a cast around my foot! I had broken my ankle in 3 places. I also had a hairpin fracture.

Over 1 year later my ankle has healed great! I learned a lesson and it was a scary one. Everyone at Kids Club

IF YOU NEED MORE SPACE, CONTINUE ON THE NEXT PAGE.

learned a lesson that day! DONT
JUMP OFF SWINGS !!!

- Authors Note -

A little voice in my head told me
not to jump, but I did anyways. Because
of that I got hurt. Listen to the
voice in your head, sometimes it's smarter
than you!

Think! Be smart!

- Author -

Score Point: 4

This response has a central idea that is clearly developed through selective use of detail. The engaging voice is accomplished through precise word choice and varied sentence structure. This well organized response effectively moves the reader through the text, contributing to a sense of wholeness and completeness.

IF YOU NEED MORE SPACE, CONTINUE ON THE BACK OF THIS PAGE.

Begin writing on this page.

The day of my bike accident started just fine, I ate breakfast, got dressed, and asked my dad if he wanted to go on a bike ride. He said yes so I went outside to get ready to go.

The first half of the ride went well, but when we started back home, disaster struck. At that time I had a racing bike with thin tires and bad brakes. I was eight years old then, so I stayed on the side of the road and off of the asphalt. We were going down a hill, so I was going pretty fast. Suddenly, two large sewer grates appeared in front of me. I had three choices. I could go in the grass and hit a mailbox, go over the sewer grate and fall, or swerve out onto the road and hit a parked car. I decided to try to make it over the grate. Bad choice. My front tire

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dropped into the slot in that grate and I was flipped, head over heels into the middle of the road. The good thing was, no cars were coming. The bad thing was, I got hurt pretty bad. When my dad got to me, which was right after the fall, he helped me over to the side of the road. There, he helped me catch my breath, because I was winded. We were close to my house so my dad tied his shirt around my leg to slow the bleeding.

When we got home, I got washed off and cleaned up. After I was clean and had bandages on, I laid down on the couch to watch T.V.

The next day, I went to the doctor's office to get my scrapes thoroughly cleaned. For the next few days I had to take it easy and keep band-aids on. It took a long time

for me to heal but now I am fine.

Score Point: 4

This response has a central idea developed through details and examples. The word choice is precise and there is a clear and engaging voice demonstrated. The response has a natural flow with varied sentence structure which contributes to a sense of unity.

IF YOU NEED MORE SPACE, CONTINUE ON THE BACK OF THIS PAGE.